Daily Eagle

ROMOLA.

A poet's vision, clad in the fair guise
Of a bright lily, all in white and gold—
Hers not the form for passionate arms to fold;
She loves, but loves in such angelic wise
As might some wanderer from the upper skies,
Who wears, with rosy lips of tenderest curve,
The starry purity of saintly eyes.
But if some lofty purpose were to serve,
The fair and delicate figure that would seem
One who could walk, with straight, unshaken tread,
The flaming city of the unpardoned dead
(Shewn to the Florentine in lurid dream),
Serene and scathless thro' the infernal glow—
Nor touch of fire upon her raiment know.
—A. C. Bowers in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

MAKING AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

What It Costs—The Method Usually Employed—Pay for Contributions.

"How much does it cost to produce an encyclopædia?" was asked of an expert, and he said:

"That depends upon the method pursued in making it. The American Cyclopædia cost $500,000 before a penny was realized. The maps and engravings in the work cost about $115,000. The best lithographers were employed and many of the pictures cost hundreds of dollars."

"How is an encyclopædia made?"

"Well, usually after the method employed in compiling dictionaries. Editors are engaged for the different departments. There is the religious editor, the medical editor, the historical editor, the scientific editor and the editor on miscellaneous subjects. The best authorities in the land are chosen to edit the work, and large salaries are paid. In the process of compilation an alphabetical rule is observed. The old encyclopædias, such as Chambers' and Encyclopædia Britannica, are followed as regards the subjects they treat of. The modern encyclopædia, however, has very much of a newspaper flavor. It is based upon the principle of American journalism. It is timely and intended to hit the spirit of the age. The biographies of prominent men are made an especial feature. The American Cyclopædia is the greatest undertaking in the art of book making ever attempted in this country. Charles A. Dana, of The Sun, was and is the editor in chief. He fixes the prices paid to contributors. He knows the value of every word that is written. If an article is handed in by a specialist and another comes in from an obscure professional man in any science he choses the best."

"How much do the contributors to encyclopædias make?"

"Generally we pay magazine rates—that is, $10 per 1,000 words. Many of the articles, however, cost far more than that. There are some contributors who receive $500 or $1,000 for a short article. They possess exclusive information, however. Dr. Shrady, who is the authority on cancer and editor of The Medical Record, furnished us exclusive information on that subject and on many others connected with surgery. Of course a specialist is paid far more than an ordinary writer. Often a page costs us $500. Then, again, we run page after page at the cost of $20. Many of the writers are men who hold the foremost rank in literature. Consequently they demand large prices for their work."

"How much money is invested in encyclopædias?"

"That is a difficult question to answer. We have run into the millions on sales, but it should be remembered that encyclopædias are never sold in bulk. The installment plan is always adopted. Our contributors pay for each volume as it is issued."

"In case a volume is lost, can it be duplicated?"

"That depends on who the loser may be. A regular contributor, one who has been buying volume after volume for years can certainly be accommodated. His name is down on our books, and we recognize him as a patron of the house. A genuine set of encyclopædias cost a great deal of money, about $150 to $200, consequently they are sold in installments and the purchaser is protected."—New York Mail and Express.

Chasing the Swordfish.

"The pursuit of the swordfish," Professor Goode says, "is much more exciting than ordinary fishing, for it resembles the hunting of large animals upon the land and partakes more of the nature of the chase. There is no slow or careful baiting and patient waiting, and no disappointment caused by the accidental capture of worthless bait stealers. The game is seen and followed, and outwitted by wary tactics and killed by strength of arm and skill. The swordfish is a powerful antagonist, sometimes, and sends his pursuers' vessel into harbor leaking, and almost sinking, from injuries he has inflicted. I have known a vessel to be struck by wounded swordfish as many as twenty times in a season.

"There is even the spice of personal danger to give savor to the chase, for the men are occasionally injured by the infuriated fish. One of Capt. Ashby's crew was severely wounded by a swordfish, which thrust his beak through the oak floor of a boat on which he was standing, and penetrated about two inches in his naked heel. The strange fascination draws men to this pursuit when they have once learned its charms. An old swordfisherman, who had followed the pursuit for twenty years, told me that when he was on the cruising ground he fished all night in his dreams, and that many a time he has bruised his hands and rubbed the skin off his knuckles by striking them against the ceiling of his bunk when he raised his arms to thrust the harpoons into visionary monster swordfishes."—New York Mail and Express.

Shakespeare's Old Home.

The Shakespeare house was purchased in the same way as was Mount Vernon, the home of Washington. It is nominally the property of the people. With us Mount Vernon is controlled by an association of ladies, who find much amusement, comfort and importance in directing the affairs of that place, but there has never been any charge of admission made to Mount Vernon. The public cannot view the Shakespeare house without paying sixpence to see the living rooms and sixpence more to view the second part of the house, which is filled up with a lot of rubbish, supposed to have some relation to the Shakespearean period. This represents about 25 cents of our money, and as there is an average of 250 visitors a day to the Shakespeare house, this would foot up an income of $60 per day. Certainly this great amount of money is not all required for keeping up a very plain house. Two or three hundred dollars a year would surely cover that expenditure. What becomes of this large sum would afford an interesting subject of inquiry, I should say, with the people of England, who are supposed to own the place.

Nearly all of the show places of England have entrance fees charged for admission.—Cor. New York World.

Consumption of Railroad Spikes.

There are 200,000 miles of railroad in the United States and it takes five kegs of railroad spikes per mile to keep up repairs, which makes an annual consumption of 1,000,000 kegs. To this must be added three and a half tons per mile for the 12,000 miles of new road which is built annually.—Chicago Herald.

COOKED WATERMELONS.

WHAT A GENTLEMAN FROM THE COUNTRY SAW IN NEW YORK.

More than One Way of "Plugging" a Watermelon—Many Methods of Serving Invented by Gourmands—Melon Fritters and Candy.

More watermelons are consumed in New York than in any other city in the world, and the watermelon season is now at its height. One of the largest and finest of the 200,000 watermelons that reached the metropolis last week found its way into the cafe of a fashionable uptown hotel. It was prepared for use and placed in the ice box.

People from the country and the smaller towns come to New York in great numbers at this season of the year, and among the recent arrivals was a worthy gentleman from a little rural settlement in Southern Michigan, who came to see his brother, a Wall street broker, from whom he had been separated ever since they were boys together on the old farm. The two brothers dropped in at the cafe in whose ice box rested the big watermelon first mentioned. "Let's have a watermelon," said the broker. The rural brother readily assented. "Will you have it plugged?" asked the broker.

"Of course," answered the rural brother. "Didn't we always plug a melon before we ate it when we were boys?" The broker whispered some order to the waiter, and directly that functionary returned with the big melon aforementioned. When he cut it it seemed very juicy and aromatic. The brothers ate it greedily. The rural brother declared that he had never tasted such a melon in his life. It seemed to loosen and later to thicken his tongue. Finally he stared at his broker brother and asked, "George, whasher masher wish shat mel'n?"

IT WAS "PLUGGED."

George smiled and answered, "It was plugged."

"How plugged?" asked the rural brother with a suspicious, not to say silly, leer.

George replied: "A hole had been cut in the end of it and a bottle of champagne and a gill of brandy poured in. Then it was left in the ice until it became perfectly cold. The sweet juices of the melon mingled with the liquor so mellowed it that you did not taste it."

The rural brother looked astonished, and declared that he had never heard the like. He had plugged melons when a boy to find out whether or not they were ripe, but he had never engaged in such expensive and exhilarating plugging as the case in question. The next morning, when he had recovered from the effects of the plugged melon and was discussing its wonders with his brother, the latter, who has become a distinguished epicure, said:

"It would surprise you, old man, to know how many methods of serving watermelons the gourmands have invented. Many prefer a plugged melon filled with claret, but for my part nothing equals a sherry melon. Good pale sherry—and it is hard to get—should be boiled down to almost a syrup and then allowed to cool. When it has reached the proper temperature, pour it into the melon, place the fruit into the ice box, and when you are ready take it out and eat it. It more nearly approaches the nectar of the gods than any combination on earth. Then there is a sort of sherbet made of watermelon juice. I know of but one place in New York where you can get it. The meat of the melon is compressed, the juice mixed with wine and the mixture placed in a freezer until fine needles of ice begin to form in it. Then it is served, and nothing can equal it as a cooling decoction."

The rural brother was much impressed with the epicure's erudition on the subject of the watermelon. That evening at dinner he was still further astonished when the epicure ordered as an entree some watermelon fritters, and as a confection some candied watermelon. "I should think the melon would melt while they are cooking it or putting that candy around it," said the ruralist.

A FRENCH TRICK.

"That is a trick the French have taught us," answered George. "They cover a piece of cold melon with a delicate batter and cook it so quickly that the fruit hasn't time to be much affected with the heat. That is the way these fritters were made. Then they take a very cold piece of melon meat, immerse it in boiling sugar, remove it instantly, and you have the candied melon that you have eaten. They raise the finest watermelons in the south of France to be found in Europe—although they scarcely equal the melons we get from Georgia—and any cook from Southern France will tell you all about preparing the fruit. In France they do not allow the waste of the best part of the melon, which is the outside. If the watermelon rinds that are thrown away during a season in this country could be gathered, instead of being allowed to go to waste, and made into preserves, half the people in the United States who are unable to enjoy the luxury of preserves during the winter would have, at a small cost, all they could eat of the most delicious preserves known to the human palate. A little cheap sugar, some lemon peel and a limited degree of skill in preparing the green portion of the watermelon is all that is required. Your country people go hungry for delicacies that grow all about you. This is not only true with reference to melon preserves, but with regard to other articles. You wait impatiently for a salad until your lettuce is grown, and all the while you have had at your command material, if properly prepared, for the finest salad known. I refer to the stalks of the dandelion. You remember how we used to have to pull up out of the garden the abominable weed that we called 'pusley.' We have thrown away tons of it, and yet the most delicate salad I have eaten in New York was made of that same weed, 'pusley.'"

The rural brother looked astonished, made minutes of the information that his epicurean kinsman had given him and went home to tell the boys how little they knew about watermelons and the "women folks" how limited their knowledge is of cookery.—New York Correspondence Globe-Democrat.

Journalism Is for the Young.

The prominent figures here at the heads of the great metropolitan journals are, almost without exception, men in their prime. Bennett is very little, if any, more than 40. Pulitzer hasn't a gray hair in his head. Whitelaw Reid is in about the same luster with both of these. Dana is old, but Amos Cummings, who edits The Evening Sun and is really the moving spirit there, is still a young man. George Jones is not yet past his prime. John Cockerill is still young, and Eggleston, who edits The Commercial Advertiser, is grizzled about the temples, but still on the right side of the hill, and his staff are all very young men. The editor of the new Evening World, which sprang into such instant popularity, is a young fellow who was scribbling at the reporter's desk three years ago and is not yet 30. The same may be said of the magazines. The clever new Scribner has an entire staff of young men. The Century has not an old man connected with it, and Alden is the only elderly person who is in power on Harper's. Journalism is for the young and not for the old. The genius of the profession requires it.—New York Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.

The Expressionist heard a story recently of a small negro boy who goes to Sunday school in the little brick church in Fort Erie. He got up to repeat the verse, "It is I. Be not afraid." He conveyed the idea correctly, but in a rather shocking manner by saying, "It's me; don't be scart." This calls to mind the case of the 6-year-old girl in the Harbor mission school, who was rather mixed in her Scripture, and in trying to say, "And lo, a greater than Solomon is here," she got it "And lo, a greater than Sullivan is here." This was, by the way, a week or two after the John L. Sullivan combination had appeared at the Adelphia.—Buffalo Express.

SUMMER HOTEL EMPLOYES.

What Becomes of Clerks and Stewards When the Leaves Begin to Fall.

"Papa, what becomes of these handsome hotel clerks after the season closes?" asked a bright young woman of her father, pointing to a young man at the Long Beach hotel recently.

"My dear, I don't know what becomes of them. That particular young man is a depositor in our bank, and is altogether a model young man. Many of them, however, live in idleness and luxury as long as their earnings last and then accept situations in fur stores, where their extensive acquaintance with fashionable butterflies makes their services valuable. Some of them find employment in large dry goods stores as floor walkers.

"Many hotel bookkeepers find employment in brokers' offices, where they disappear behind inclosed desks and are lost to the public until the next summer. I know one bright hotel clerk whose winter occupation is a very pleasant one. He is the escort of a wealthy but aged lady. The pair may be seen almost every evening at one of the theatres. After the theatre they go to Delmonico's, where a sumptuous supper is indulged in. A carriage takes them to the lady's residence, and he leaves her at the door. This ends his night's work, but he must report for duty at 7 p. m. the following evening. His salary is $200 per month, out of which he is expected to dress in the latest fashion.

"A few of the summer hotel employes find positions in city hotels here and in other large cities, but at reduced salaries. A clerk who has squandered his earnings in poker or on horse races is likely to accept the very first position offered him, which at hotels is usually the position of night clerk.

"Many of them seek employment at southern winter resorts and live in a very economical manner until these open. Others take the places of city hotel clerks who are on vacations, while a few collect hotel bills on commission from guests who fail to commune with bookkeepers before leaving.

"The collector must be a thorough gentleman, well versed in the usages of polite society. His first move is to go to the city or town where the delinquent lives, well fortified with letters of introduction to its prominent people. He participates in all social events that occur, and becomes quite intimate with the culprit and his family before the business in hand is mentioned. He learns all about his private affairs and his escapades when visiting the city, and when he unbosoms himself seldom fails to return with the amount of the bill or its equivalent well indorsed.

"A few become connected with the theatres as ushers and ticket sellers, and some of them go on the road with traveling companies.

"Hotel stewards who fail to secure winter positions in their professions become drummers for wholesale houses. They make the life of employed hotel stewards a burden by persistent drumming. Nevertheless they make good salesmen, for the reason that they know the leisure moments of their victims. Others are secretly employed by wine houses. Their business is to boom a certain brand of wine in such a manner that their connection with it will not be discovered.

"One prominent hotel steward, who is also a good cook, makes quite a respectable living teaching wealthy but inexperienced epicures the art of dining. His lot is a happy one. He dines with his patrons at fashionable restaurants; orders the various meals and explains the various dishes, sauces and soups. He also interprets the French names of the dishes, who their inventors were and when, where and why they are so named. When not otherwise engaged he visits the houses of people who give little suppers without the aid of outside caterers. He teaches the servants the art of salad making, and converses with the housewife on the food in season and the best and most appetizing manner of preparing and serving it. Children, and even grown people, are taught the art of carving by him, how the knife should be sharpened, held and how cared for when not in use. Periodical excursions are made to the prominent markets, where he teaches the housewife and her marriageable daughters how to select the best of everything at reasonable prices."—New York Evening Sun.

Over Feeding Infants.

Over one-half of the mothers of children are unable to nourish them naturally, and a great number of the deaths of infants are caused by actual starvation. On the other hand, many deaths of infants are the result of over feeding. I recollect, in illustration, a story told by Marion Harland, of some foundling or orphan asylum which she knew. The mortality there worried the two attending physicians greatly, and they came to the conclusion that the babies were being fed too much. So they issued orders to the nurse to feed each child but once in every three hours, and resolved to try that experiment for a month. At the end of that time they were delighted with the result. The deaths had decreased and the surviving children all looked rosy cheeked and vastly more healthy than they had a few weeks before. They were exchanging congratulations when one of the nurses came to them with an inquiry as to a modification of the rule in the case of a very sick child. Speaking with her about the case they learned with astonishment that the good health of the infants of the institution had followed a misunderstanding of the doctors' directions by the nurses, who, instead of feeding their charges once every three hours, had fed them only three times a day. I have no doubt as to the truth of this, and the moral of the story at least is worth the attention of mothers.—Dr. C. C. Blakesley in Globe-Democrat.

How to Train a Canary.

Set the cage on a table near where you wish to sit; after a little conference with the bird, introduce a finger between the wires near the favorite perch, holding it there patiently, yourself occupied with book or paper the while. Presently, as it shows no disposition to harm him, he cautiously goes up to examine it. Then he picks to ascertain its quality, maybe he fights it. That is well; he no longer fears it. Pay him with a little bird food, put him away. Next day try him again. He may go farther and light on it, or he may be several days getting thus familiar. Be patient. Once this step is attained, vary the programme by introducing the finger in other spots. He will soon light on it at any point or angle. Then try the door, at first thrusting the finger under it, next time fasten it open, blockading egress with the rest of the hand as one finger extends within. When he perches on it, draw him forth a little, next time tempt him to the perch outside a little, and so on. In a short time you have but to open the cage door, uplift a finger, and he is sure to fly for it; and he may thus be called to any part of the room to rest on the familiar perch.

Most birds learn this familiarity in a few days, yet there are those who will be two to four weeks about it.—Our Dumb Animals.

The little tricks of housekeeping which the wives of British army officers acquire are useful to women living in flats and often forced to move several times before they find the perfect home at which they aim, and one of these soldiers' wives is now disclosing the secrets of her management in a London paper. One of her most cherished possessions, she says, is a tall square box with a lock and key. This may be draped and placed in a corner, or in a window as a pedestal for a bust; but, when marching orders come, it is the place of places in which to pack pampas grass, window shades and fixtures and other unmanageable things.—Boston Transcript.

A GOOD LIBRARY.

HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR THE MAN WHO READS.

The First Law in Selecting Books—A Library Should Grow with the Mind. Keep Your School Books—Light Literature.

The first law in selecting books is, I am sure, to buy along the line of your special work. I do not say in the line, for that is precisely what is not wanted. What we want is not to be told what we can see or find out for ourselves, but what will enable us to see more broadly than our separate experience would lead us to see. Books, while not leading us away from sure and special lines of life work, should keep us from narrowing ourselves into grooves.

The second law is to buy books, in the main, as we need them. A library should grow with the mind. These two rules can be illustrated together. We will suppose a man's special line is anthropology. Plainly he must also be a good student of history. He must also be well acquainted with recent biological researches—which involve paleontology and zoology, at least as far as results of investigation go. He will not have gone far before evolution, as a scientific problem, must be handled. Dealing fairly with this, he finds himself involved in ancient religious theories and comparative theology. I need not carry the process farther, but I say his library should be (1) a working library along this line, and (2) his books should be bought as needed.

The possession of a large number of books is not the possession of a library. Books, however inherently valuable under certain circumstances, under other circumstances become lumber. It is like a thousand acre farm, of which only ten acres are worked, while the owner lives in a bit of a hovel. It is impossible to express too strongly the close relation that mind growth should bear to library growth. It should be like the growth of bone to a man's flesh.

No one should sell or give away his books that have been used and seem no longer needful. Especially should old school books and college books be sacredly kept. To no other books do we sustain so intimate personal relationship. We shall surely miss the very copy of Horace and of De Amicitia that we grew familiar with, and some day will desire to turn to a passage in "Ars Poetica," or "Via Sacra," and it will not be quite the same as when we read it in sophomore year on the log in the glen with Classmate Stevens. I give every boy and girl warning not to part with their text books in literature and classics. Even my old Webster's spelling book would now be a treasure to me. Are such books part of a library? Most truly, yes. They are the very essential part of a library—the tools we have used as we came along—but tools that never wear out.

Perhaps a careful distinction should be made between the books in our study and those in the library proper; for each man should have his library, and each family should have its library. The latter should be built on a less restricted plan; yet certainly under careful rules. A home library should, above all, have an atmosphere of refinement and good society. It should not admit a low bred book any more than our drawing rooms should admit the familiarity of low bred people. An hour spent in it should produce the refreshment that comes from a social hour with witty and good friends.

A really good home library must include rescripts; it is sometimes a pity—oftener not. There are not 100 good authors in general literature that cannot be wisely compressed. It will not pay to read them through. These "Half Hours" with the best authors are necessary and valuable. But when it comes to history I am not so sure. And as for "Beauties of Ruskin," "Beauties of Goethe," etc., etc., let us burn them. If I cannot go into a rose garden for myself, I will thank you for a bunch of flowers; but for you to run ahead of me with your nose and demand that I shall smell over again your bouquet, I am inclined to select for myself.

A good library grows as our souls grow; it widens out its sympathies and gets a larger outlook. But at the same time a sloughing goes on. We only grow well as we can die well. Some people have great difficulty in dying to anything; they equally fail to grow; that is, to enlarge. Such are your religious bigots. I hate to see a man who reads an author by the dose—one dose a day; two doses a day—the way my grandmother took her Bible, and as many take it yet, but in smaller pellets. I have a friend who carries Shakespeare in his pocket, and bolts a portion each day. He resembles for all the world a pump that is clogged up from having its chain run too deep. Shakespeare has always been too deep for the fellow, and he is only pumping sand and gravel. Another took to carrying a mathematical treatise. He is himself an equal angled triangle inscribed in a circle. We must be able to change intellectually, outgrow and grow away from old tastes. We all have our chromo period—some stop there.

The bulk of novels is of no more value than blank paper. Children who have little real world as yet need a great deal of the possible and ideal. Novels, contrary to common opinion, are peculiarly the books for the young—true novels. Curiously, the world's earliest literature was mostly imaginative. We have poems and tales 7,000 years old, while logic did not find utterance till about 2,500 years ago. Voyages, travels, natural history gradually come to serve in the place of novels, the actual in the place of the possible. Lowell urges the use of such old volumes of travel as were written by voyagers "when the world was fresh and unhackneyed." That last word of Lowell's tells the story very fully. A wall visited place in England was one that hackney coaches ran to and from—it was Hackneyed. Today the whole world is Hackneyed.—"E. P. P." in Globe-Democrat.

Superiority of American Husbands.

It is a fact, which had already struck me, and which I had heard frequently remarked upon, that American wives, if they are not allowed so much latitude in flirtation as English ones, receive much more deference and a greater share of les petits soins from their husbands. An American husband himself pays his wife those little attentions which in English society usually devolve upon another man if the lady happens to be pretty and agreeable, and which she does without if she is neither. It is possible that the superiority of the American system may be due to the ease with which divorce can be obtained in some states, and which, to use a homely expression, put a pair "more upon their p's and q's" with each other. It may arise from a higher development of the sentiment of chivalry in the breast of the American man. At any rate, he shows to advantage in his domestic as well as in his business relations.—Temple Bar.

Billions of Postage Stamps.

Forty-five years ago there wasn't a postage stamp in the United States, but in the last twelve months the people of this country have individually and severally put their tongues out 1,968,341,000 times to moisten the postage stamps for the billions of letters and millions of newspapers, periodicals and parcels that are carried and delivered by the government.—New York Sun.

More Than He Bargained For.

Lovers are prone to self depreciation. Said he, tenderly, as they sat looking at the stars: "I do not understand what you can see in me that you love me." "That's what everybody says," gurgled the ingenuous maiden. Then the silence became so deep that you could hear the stars twinkling.—Montomery (Ala.) Advertiser.